

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Thomas Street Bowling Green. Nelson Ghostly Bowl's

In the small town of Nelson, nestled amidst rolling hills and quaint cottages, there stood a place that held a century's worth of history and memories: Thomas Street Bowling Green. For generations, it had been a gathering spot for the locals, a place where laughter and friendly competition filled the air. However, as time marched on, the old men who once graced the green with their skilled hands and keen eyes began to pass away, one by one.

Yet, even in death, their spirits seemed unwilling to abandon the place that held so many cherished moments. The people of Nelson spoke in hushed whispers about the spectral presence that haunted the Thomas Street Bowling Green. On moonlit nights, when the world slept soundly, the ethereal figures of the old men could be seen, playing their beloved crown green bowls as though time had ceased to exist.

One chilly autumn evening, a curious young woman named Emma found herself drawn to the tales that echoed through the town. She had always been fascinated by the supernatural, and the ghostly stories of the bowling green intrigued her greatly. With a mixture of excitement and trepidation, she decided to venture into the realm of the paranormal and experience the mystery firsthand.

As the clock struck midnight, Emma arrived at Thomas Street Bowling Green, the crisp air sending shivers down her spine. The old green, bathed in moonlight, looked hauntingly beautiful, its once-vibrant grass now fading with age. Emma stood at the edge, her heart pounding in her chest, her eyes fixed on the empty space where the games were said to unfold.

Suddenly, a gentle breeze swept through the night, carrying with it a soft, melodic laughter that echoed through the stillness. Emma's eyes widened as she watched the faint apparitions materialize before her. Transparent figures, their forms blurred like memories, stood upon the green, their expressions filled with joy and camaraderie.

The old men played with grace and skill, their ghostly bowls gliding across the green as though guided by invisible hands. Their laughter intermingled with the rustling leaves, creating a haunting symphony that spoke of a love for the game that transcended the boundary between life and death.

Emma's initial fear gave way to awe and reverence as she witnessed the beauty of the spectral gathering. There was something profoundly touching about the way these restless souls clung to the place they had cherished in life. They had found solace in their shared passion, and even in death, they refused to let go.

Night after night, Emma returned to the bowling green, quietly observing the spectral games, each one a poignant reminder of the passage of time. She felt a deep connection with the old men, as though they were guiding her, teaching her lessons that extended far beyond the boundaries of the green. Their determination, their love for the game, taught her the value of embracing life's fleeting moments and finding joy in the simplest of pleasures.

As the years went by, the stories of the ghostly bowling games continued to enchant the people of Nelson. The town's residents no longer feared the apparitions that graced Thomas Street Bowling Green; instead, they celebrated the enduring spirits that held the green in their eternal embrace.

Emma, now an old woman herself, sat on a bench near the bowling green, her eyes twinkling with memories. She watched as a new generation of bowlers took to the green, their youthful enthusiasm mingling with the whispers of the past. And in the soft breeze that brushed against her cheek, she could almost hear the laughter of the old men, forever etched in the hallowed grounds of Thomas Street Bowling Green.

By Donald Jay.